

AN
ADDRESS
CALCULATED TO INSPIRE
SENTIMENTS *of* REVERENCE
FOR
THE DEITY,
AND
Loyalty for our Sovereign.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON;
SCHOOLMASTER AT STAINTON, NEAR PENRITH,
CUMBERLAND.

— *medio tutissimus ibis.* OVID. MET.

CARLISLE:
PRINTED BY F. JOLLIE, FOR THE AUTHOR,
1793.

Vet. A5 e. 5720

78/79

1201

Vet. A5e. 5720



TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

GENTLEMEN,

MAY I presume to appeal to, and court, your candour for the favourable reception of this puny *primitiæ* of my pen, calculated, in a certain measure, for the present day, and which I now bring forward, at the instance of some of my acquaintance and neighbours, who were pleased to admire it in *Manuscript*, and upon whom it made impressiion; by whose patronage, together with your own, it is invited to come forth to meet the eyes of the public.

And the Author cannot but persuade himself, were the public duly sensible of the disadvantageous

A ij

ground upon which he stood when this was written, if they should fail to approve his production, they could not well resist praising the motives that gave it birth,—motives, (pardon his plainness) not merely *selfish*. Under the influence of this persuasion, permit him to say,

He is,

GENTLEMEN,

With due deference,

Your most obedient,

And humble servant,

G. THOMPSON.



THE
PREFACE.

IT may not be improper to observe, that the subsequent discourse was at first drawn up, with no other view than to divert the mind into a channel, where it might enjoy a freedom of speculation; and having heard in detail, or rather retail, of PAINE's projected schemes of *innovation*, as very insinuating and alluring; and finding that the doctrine he advanced was aptly calculated to make proselytes to a cause so plausibly brought forward, I could not refrain giving vent and scope to my thoughts, although no politician; and concluding that there certainly existed something favourable to enlist the crowd under its banners, and ensnaring to minds not happily formed for the regular assortment of crowded ideas, and at once impatient under seeming evils, and with habits inclining to view objects through a delusive medium; I could not resist contri-

puting my mite in endeavouring to blunt the edge, and ward off the point of the dagger of a late dangerous fellow-subject; and at the same time bring forward a DOCTRINE every way adapted, from its excellency, to do away the overheated popular ferment.

I could not help thinking, NOVELTY on the one hand, and a determined resolution of probing most of our weak parts, and of exposing our blemishes, on the other, without naming and faithfully describing our *comely proportions*, could not fail to unhinge and inflame minds, which were, perhaps, either unable, or little disposed to repel the first impression of this ideal delusion: I therefore thought it might prove, in the end, no unacceptable piece of service to my countrymen, if I held the mirror in a medium direction. And excuse me when I compare the phrenzy of the people to that of a mother for the tender object of her wishes snatched from her by death, at once impatient of advice, and, through sharp trial, irreconcilable; now their passions having subsided, they will, I doubt not, admit the force of truth.

This my humble attempt arose from feeling.

Part of that happiness I could not help feeling daily resulting—moderately resulting, from our happy form of government, the seeming evils of which serve only to enhance its value. And I continued speaking the language of my heart, without partiality, and without reserve. But my sincere intention was neither to offend nor injure any person. I have read nothing that has operated to influence, or warp, my train of ideas from the great object I had in view.

From the little disincumbered time I had to bestow on this production, and from, I hope, my useful engagements in life, I gladly would persuade myself, I have much indulgence to hope from the critics, the great arbiters of literature, whose judicious discernment I have to deprecate. I can safely vouch for the *originality* of this production, which alas! I fear is both desultory and unconnected!—But if stepping up a little higher, or changing postures now and then be not tedious, this Address will be more favourably re-

ceived. And as many delight in varied scenes, where *Nature* herself is indebted to contrast for her most striking beauties; and where romantic deformity, with its prominent features serves only to heighten the scenery; and where, in a narrow compass, is pictured a world of variety, as in that far celebrated, surpassing, and much frequented vale of KESWICK, the modern *Tempe*: so would I gladly hope, that the inequalities and derangement of one part of this my humble attempt, will serve to enhance the other.

And under this happy delusion, my candid patrons and countrymen, permit me to shelter myself, having indeed much to regret that my opportunities and abilities would not enable me to bring forward a more valuable production, a production which would dare to speak when its author is no more.

Fear God. Honour the King.

AN

ADDRESS

Calculated to inspire

SENTIMENTS OF REVERENCE

FOR

THE DEITY, &c.



Countrymen and Fellow Citizens!

IT will, I doubt not, be deemed by many somewhat strange, that ONE, who, ever since he was ushered into the scenes of active life, has been so deeply engaged in the arduous profession of school-master, as to depress the most noble faculties of the animal œconomy, and who has neither been much conversant in, nor directed his thoughts to, such studies as are immediately connected with state affairs and political disquisitions, should at length emerge a little, and step forward to address the public. But, at this alarming conjuncture, when the sound of sedition hath been gathering around us; when the kings of the earth are forced, in self-defence, to stand up, and take counsel to-

A iiij

gether; when the face of EUROPE more than seems to wear an aspect at once awful, suspicious, and hostile; and when the fate of empires is verging to a crisis; and when, by that crisis, the fate of individuals, most likely, will be materially affected—THEN think it not strange, if I too enter the lists, and be ONE among those who wield their pen in behalf of TRUTH, and in defence of their KING and their COUNTRY: and, embarked in so noble a cause, and with the prospect before me, of making this ADDRESS more generally useful, be not surpris'd, my countrymen, if I be emboldened to assume a freedom of language, and utter such sentiments as have arisen in the train of my ideas, and which I have endeavour'd to bring forward in different points of view, humbly hoping a serious attention to, and an ingenuous application of, what I now advance, by way of ADDRESS, will stamp a lasting impression upon the minds of all who are, but in a moderate degree, sensible of its importance.

The subject branches out into two parts, namely, *to fear God*, which implies devotion; and *to honour the king*, which implies an active principle of morality, that constitutes virtue. And these concomitant graces, so illustrious, and so ennobled by their own intrinsic merit alone, and which cannot well be dissolv'd, so nicely and intimately are they connected, will, I am perswaded, plead my excuse

for uniting them together in the subject matter before us; in which, with due deference to truth, and, I trust, with a becoming moderation, I have, by the way, slightly touched and animadverted upon this new doctrine of politics, which hath put so many members of the community into a ferment, and roused lethargy itself from its usual soporifics.

By the fear of God is meant, not an idle, servile, superstitious, or even monastic fear; but an active, a reverential, a filial fear; a prompt and chearful acquiescence and obedience, that introduces a due assimilation and conformity to God's holy will and commandments, or, at least, works in us an earnest, and heart-felt desire to make higher advances in religious and moral duties; and such a fear as will enable us to become better men, and more useful and active members in our relative stations; in first promoting our own interests fairly and openly, and then, with breasts overflowing with cordial affection, farther extending the arms of fellowship, and applying the tender epithet of *brother*, to men of all countries, all tribes, and all denominations. Although this doctrine may, in its due extent, seem almost equally as harsh to those who are not under the impressions of philanthropy, as cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye; yet this we are commanded to aim at, and to this our holy religion and its

consequent rewards cannot fail, we would gladly hope, to command our willing obedience.

The attributes of the Deity, as being all the essence of truth, and consummate perfection, ought to raise in us awful and exalted sentiments of that Divinity from whom they flow, and make us fearful of offending that Being, whose frown is torment, and zealous in pleasing Him, whose smiles are bliss.

The due fear of God is the source of all our joys, and of all our solid and lasting comforts. Perfect love casteth out servile fear, and fear, or reverential awe, introduceth perfect love. A love of this sort is worth the courting and the fostering—unchangeable by time—uncircumscribed by space. It is this fear working by the love of the Deity, that makes us better neighbours, better subjects—and better Christians—better soldiers too, and more generous enemies; it is always rational, always consistent with itself. A love whose beauty fadeth not, and whose charms will never decay.

It were devoutly to be wished, we had these sentiments of love, of reverential awe, or affection, stamped in lasting and legible characters upon our dull and too languid hearts, they would then produce valuable effects in our frequent intercourse one with another. Every city, every town, and every

village, the more they possessed of this, the more would they be blessed with peace and happiness, and also with plenty as another valuable acquisition—Happy are the people that are in such a case;—yea blessed are they that have the God of Israel for their God, and for their protector.

In a civil capacity, when a magistrate inspires the body politic with sentiments of love mixed with fear for his person, sanctioned, as it were, by his authority, they rarely fail of living orderly, and, of consequence, of being happy; and, by a parity of reasoning, all nations, who live and move under the influence of the *Day-spring from on high*, who pay homage and adoration to the Deity, not from servile fear, but from motives of holy love, and of such a fear as I have endeavoured to describe above; these, all in their several orders, and respective days, never fail to meet with such moderate accommodations, during their pilgrimage here, as may amply gratify the desires of those who profess themselves no other than mere lodgers, or pilgrims hastening to their long,—their very long home.

If, under the guidance of science, towering on the wings of contemplation, we would but turn our eyes upwards, and view the sun, the moon, and the arched canopy of heaven, studded with sparkling stars, and the various phænomena, which

either seem stationary in, or pass in succession along the firmament, we could not well fail of being instructed, upon rational grounds, that these were formed, by infinite wisdom, for the wisest purposes, as well contributing to raise our admiration, and diffuse a certain degree of felicity among the lower creation, as joining us in concert to *Hallelujah*, the benevolent and beneficent Lord of heaven and earth. And would we again employ but a small share of accurate observation upon the objects that are daily crowding in upon our senses, and presenting themselves to us from every quarter, particularly from meadows richly decorated with flowers of variegated hue, we should, most probably, be lost in the exhaustless research of the divine perfections, and consummate wisdom of God manifested in this lower world; a God, *stupendous* thought! who, by his almighty fiat, could command a world of miracles to arise out of nothing; and who, by his Divine Spirit, and, by progressive miracles, could awake to life, and put in regular motion rude and inert matter, so as to complete the *great* work of creation, where the combining assemblage of beauties are daily inviting the curiosity, and arresting the attention of the nice observer.— And did we but notice—duly notice, the vicissitudes of day and night, and the wonderful succession of the different seasons of the year, whereby each nation, in its turn, partakes of the invigora-

ting warmth of the sun, whose friendly beams reanimate drooping nature, and, in the language of the scripture, make the fields to laugh and sing; we would, no doubt, feel lively emotions of gratitude arising in our hearts, which would not cease in the pæfage of mere speculation, but would break out into difplays of reverential tribute, paffing on to love—a love which would not terminate but in a chearful obedience. In proportion to the degree of excellence and value of earthly goods, we rarely fail to employ art and addrefs in order to procure them; and fhall we not ufe proportionate application in the purfuit of heavenly objects—objects at once moft excellent in their nature, and permanent in their duration? And if we would, but for a moment, turn our eyes inward upon ourfelves, where, by the application of our faculties, we might behold the nice combinations and affortments of our ideas, how furprifingly they can converge and diverge themfelves! what a quick tranfition they can make from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth! the different workings of the foul, which flies with electric rapidity through the nervous fyftem; the many little ftorehoufes of towering thoughts, and great conceptions; our various fallies of paffions; our brooding cares, and awakening fears; and the almoft namelefs train of faculties of the human underftanding: and would we only run over the wonderful texture of the human

mechanism, where one part so aptly corresponds to, and kindly sympathises with, another, and where the symmetry of our bodies is outmatched only by the superior excellence of the soul—a soul which speaks—*emphatically* speaks, through the organ of the eye, and practises surprising arts, through the various vehicles of the human system: we should there find fresh and abundant matter of admiration and love! From the magnificent structure of this universe, with its various appendages, which serve to swell the train of miracles, we are led to frame exalted, although very inadequate ideas of the ALMIGHTY, and consequently to fear him; this fear passes on to reverence—reverence grows into love—love, mounted upon the wings of devotion, gently assails the skies with its soft, its plaintive, but persuasive voice, and breaks out into impassionate strains of adoration, not unworthy the Deity; and, heavenly taught, upon its return, affords us lively proofs of its sweet communion and intercourse with the Divine Spirit, by its displays of beneficent actions towards its fellow-creatures. This is fearing God, so as to honour him—this is honouring God, so as to love, as well our fellow-creatures as himself. This fear then, instead of degrading, dignifies the most exalted character. This fear, like the mustard seed, although at first it may appear little, and, as it were, despicable and contracted, yet branches out by a variety of ways in its operation, and from a rivulet

swells to an ocean. This fear it is which ennobles our own nature, by bidding us look upon distant nations as our brethren, and not only look, but interpose our good offices in their behalf. This fear becomes the CHRISTIAN; neither is it unbecoming, nor does it degrade, the SOLDIER. Nay, it is this fear, however paradoxically it may sound, that casteth out fear. It is this fear, in short, which makes the Christian devout, and the soldier brave.

Having thus briefly shewn you what lasting comforts are derived to us from the fountain of pure and living water, I now hasten farther to shew you what lasting advantages, what great and pleasing security we do, in general, enjoy in honouring the King, at least, such a King as we at this time are happily blessed with.

“The powers that be, are ordained of God; and be ye subject to the higher powers,” saith the great apostle. “Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord’s sake, whether it be to the King, as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King,” saith St. Peter. “Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,

and to God the things that are God's," saith our great Lord and Master, rebuking the hypocritical Jews, who watched to catch him in his talk, and present him to the Roman governor, as a seditious person. Honour and obey the King, and all that are put in authority under him, saith that excellent epitome of our duty, the Church Catechism.

Sheltered and sanctioned under authorities so unquestionably great; at this time when a PAINE hath been endeavouring, by alluring and too specious arguments, I fear, to undermine the props, and cut away the pillars of this our happy constitution, by refining it theoretically in the closet, beyond what it will bear in its own nature, and with keen art, and dangerous sophistry, hath failed not to improve his seeming advantage over us in an unguarded hour, my spirit is moved in me, and I am constrained to ask,—What want we, which, with due application to the means now before us, may not, as far as is consistent with our probationary state, direct us to a fair proportion of comfort and happiness, in our respective stations? What would we be at, beyond this, so befitting those who stile themselves Christians, and who have better expectations in view?—Mr. Paine, in aiming at putting man upon his new establishment, and by gratifying every individual in his own way in this life, may have forgotten that this would, in a great measure, abate the merits of a

probationer:—nay Virtue herself would, in no small degree, lie dormant, and want her touchstone, were she not, now and then, put to the ordeal, and brought forward in the field of action.—It was *here* Virtue first earned her name; and it is *here* she must learn to keep it—It is *here* the soldier gains his laurels—It is *here* the Christian courts martyrdom, and defies tortures—It is *here* the industrious and sober acquire wealth, and arrive at honours, while the indolent and dissipated, as they rarely court Fortune in the right way, so are they hooted by her as truant and ignoble votaries. This doctrine rightly understood, this way of viewing the subject matter before us, will, I have great confidence, go farther to satisfy and sound a *requiem* to the agitated souls of the deluded part of the community, who are carried away with the seeming philanthropic traits of his pen, than more violent measures. Will our most charitable construction of his proceedings lead us to say, after having, in some degree, escaped the labyrinth of error himself, PAINE has become a philanthropist?—There is indeed a certain wonderful, undefinable, undescribable medley in some men—virtues strangely blended with vices—vices vastly softened by virtues—May not PAINE be one of these? But may not his zeal—his daring zeal, for what he actually deems a reform, be misapplied? But why should we not hope, for the honour of

humanity, that his zeal was well meant, though ill-timed? New schemes ever delight the theorist, which, although grand and immortalized in the excursion of fancy, might, like, Plato's commonwealth, prove impracticable in the execution, because the subordinate movements are not in due concert with the high-tuned instrument. The heart of man is deceitful above all things—very deceitful indeed, since it deceives the man himself, whose very present, and perhaps future happiness dependeth in not being deceived.—Is not this surprising beyond any thing that Mr. PAINE has told us.—We know not his first springs of action—he may have other reasons, besides the ostensible one—wait a while—time tries all things, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, gives us a fair opportunity of trying them ourselves, as they arrive in prospect, and come to full birth. Mark the decision of men of matured judgment, and unbiassed principles, whose opinion guides, and authority directs us in other matters, and join issue with these.

It is almost impossible in the nature of things, but offences will come: no institutions have yet been brought forward, but such as have, in some degree, failed in the execution: but must we blame our gracious sovereign, and his august assembly of counsellors, for evils which are generated by the subterfuges, depravity, and chican-

nery of corrupted individuals? If kings were responsible for the sometimes fatal consequences arising from inferior magistrates, or their inconstant subjects, who are daily decrying those very laws, and that happy form of government under which they might live in peace and plenty, were they not at once fickle and ungrateful? Who would then be King? Who would then guide the helm? Who does not pay willingly for a good road? Who would not pay to be sheltered from a storm, or an hurricane? What would not one of our seamen, brave and hardy as they are, resign, by way of sacrifice, to be at port in safety, when the welkin growls, the waves roar, and the billows dash; when the elements in confusion are mixed, appalled and agast he stands, expecting Death in his most dreadful array!—What would not this poor distressed mortal give in exchange for his present confused situation? How willingly would he meet and move on with the common evils, and less rubs and calamities of life? And who would not then, or rather who ought not, pay taxes freely to be secured in his person and property, and in a variety of the desirable enjoyments of this life? In all other cases it is held reasonable and just to pay private men for services done: and consequently would it not be extremely unreasonable, in the nature of things, to expect our gracious sovereign should employ his paternal care and solicitude for

the happiness and security of his people—but in a way analogous to this. We cry out we pay heavy taxes to uphold government—Granted—But would we but duly consider that these taxes return to us by the various channels of distributive justice, like the essence of matter sublimated and volatilized by the elaborate process of the ingenious chemist; or like muddy water filtered through the crevices of the earth, purged and refined, did we, I say, but duly consider how these taxes revert to us by the various channels of that justice, by whose impartial and decisive awards, and her determined and rigorous services, we are happily secured in our properties and persons, and in a great many the most pleasing endearments of social and domestic life, we should then stand convinced, through the force of fair argumentation, and wonder at our unreasonableness. To uphold government is, in fact, to uphold ourselves.

I am well aware there are abuses, or, at least, what men of sober sense and sound judgment think abuses; but an empire vast and overgrown as this is, how is it almost possible, in the nature of things, (such is the intricacy of all human devices, or rather perhaps, such is our backwardness in vigorously prosecuting those measures which are of themselves tolerably productive) to keep this large machine in due and regular movement? The

head may be sound, and the inferior members corrupt.

It is most evident from the holy scriptures, which carry incontestable authority and evidence along with them, and which cannot err, as being founded on unerring truth, that we are in conscience and in duty bound, as Christians, and as members of the body politic, to maintain and nourish our gracious sovereign, who, in his turn, guarantees our security by his paternal care, and by this happy form of government, which we, ungrateful! do at this alarming crisis so eminently enjoy, and which (although perhaps many do not know it) has been purchased to us with great and repeated struggles, and not without much effusion of human blood.

We can now lie down in safety and take our repose, secured in our persons and properties.—We can arise to the sober enjoyment of peace and plenty, excepting such as are defeated of these desirable blessings, by a misapplication of the requisites adapted to secure them. We are now in the full and ample possession of our most holy religion, whose service alone constitutes our most unbounded and perfect freedom. Nay the little busy warbling sons of the forest glade arrest our not unwilling ears, and hail us the children of free-

dom and of plenty—a freedom founded on reason;—and a plenty, the result of industry. Arts and sciences too, have long been making rapid advances to superior degrees of attainment—Does this not argue,—more than argue, the happy conclusions drawn from our form of government?—unless arts and sciences in progress be deemed progressive evils. *Away then* with this dreadful mode of innovation, I wish it might justly have been termed REFORM. Let it suffice to read the inhuman carnage and havock of a neighbouring nation, at once shameful, infamous, and (as far as I can recollect) unprecedented in the annals of modern history at least.

Let *State Reform* go on with her gentle pruning hook, and dexterously lop off the luxuriant branches, which are but too apt to suck up the vigour and effluvia of the soil, and defeat us of our autumnal crops and spoil our fruitage:—but let us spare the master-branches—let us spare the *Royal Stock*.

Man delights in variety—contrast itself carries charms along with it.—Distinctions have charms not only for the possessor, if claimed as the wages of meritorious services; but there are not wanting many whose more conspicuous virtues originate from laudable motives of pleasing men of approved distinction; and if customs have prevailed, if

rights have been granted, and if exclusive privileges have been indulged to certain individuals, or communities, as well among the most laborious, as the more refined nations, why should we dare to envy them those immunities which, no doubt, were admitted upon rational grounds; but rather let us aim at realizing them in ourselves by laudable exertions.

Were all men put nearer upon a level, or were it, by an ill-timed policy, put beyond the power of merit to reach a point in view, supineness, or, perhaps, something more ignoble might engross the man; and the prospect to preferment being darkened, the laudable spirit of enterprise might be so far checked, as to lose its activity, which, while aiming at honour, erects itself into the form, and is the parent of many virtues. But the prospect to preferment being equally open to all, without pulling down distinctions, men arrive at distinctions themselves, while, in the abstract, they are paying court to them. This makes a man great, while he is employing the honourable means of acquiring greatness: and this may not inaptly be compared to rising early in the morning, which not only promotes the health of the body and vigour of the soul, but also brings no inconsiderable addition to our secular affairs.

While PAINE, with his boasted *Rights of Man*,

by sounding a false alarm, by a too dictatorial freedom of his pen, and by holding the mirror in an awkward direction, may have been the ill-timed instrument of introducing some degree of anarchy and dissatisfaction into this happy and flourishing nation.—Man, the boasted sovereign of this lower world,—man, who, forsooth, thinks himself happily undeceived, and obliged to PAINE for opening his eyes, and setting these new modelled Rights of Man, as a delicious and high-seasoned dish before him; for pulling down distinctions, and making men nearer of a size; for levelling mountains (if I may use the expression) and filling up vallies.—Man, alas! plays the tyrant with himself—so unequal in himself!—One day we see him headstrong, imperious, brave and free: another day view him gentle, submissive, nay a very slave: now indolent, sullen, and dejected:—anon we see him active, chearful, jocular, and good-humoured: now, under the influence of religious impressions, behold him devout, resigned, humble, and, from a deep conviction of his own unworthiness, penitent:—presently see him a friend of publicans and sinners, and the avowed child of complicated folly!—Man, I say, thus chimerical, so changeable a *Proteus* will never be in the complete possession of freedom, even in the acquisition of all those rights which PAINE so industriously and so artfully sets before him.

I hear you ask me—Why? Because mankind, in general, from their impotency of soul, are not in habits to put themselves into a prudent and solid enjoyment of those privileges. And, pray, who are those that so evidently dishonour their good and gracious King? Who, but those who, by collusion, under the sanction of a seemingly fair character, render the laudable schemes of taxation inefficient, and thus plague and defeat the financiers of the state, which is both iniquitous and infamous: and they plague and eventually defeat themselves too. The deluded many, whose affections are, or have been bribed by the fair projects, of the author of a book called the *Rights of Man*, who are indeed the least exceptionable. The needy, who, after having suffered shipwreck in their own bottoms, are prepared to embark in new, though desperate adventures:—the disappointed few, whom the royal frown, or disappointment in office, has chagrined and soured; and a banditti of the *licentio*-profligate, whose fate he that runs may read, and whose unhappy and unfortunate progress in their different stages through life has scarce left them an alternative, saving this, of one day crying with the blinded Jews—*Hosannah to the son of David: Hosannah to the Highest*; and another day, from private motives, changing their note, and, with outrage, crying out—*Crucify him—Crucify him.*

We have many instances of the flagrant abuses of those privileges, and of those much contended for *Rights of Man*—Let one out of the mass serve for example.

Behold a company of brave youths aspiring to what they judge the high road to honour and riches—nay of happiness itself—see them embarked on board some ship of war, whose hostile banners are in full display. Nought dismayed, they plough the briny deep, and scud it along, till, with joyous acclaim, and hearts high beating and throbbing with mixed hope and fear, they descry a ship well stored with Peruvian wealth, or Indian merchandise,—*A noble prize!* they cry—With eager chase, and hearts elate, they soon outfail the foe, and *strike* or *fight* is their kind salute.—Nought terrified the roused foe indignant, aloof the salute returns, with the cannon's dreadful roar, which deals destruction around, and speaks aloud the language of their hearts.—Now the work of war thickens, foe opposed to foe, divide unrelenting wounds, and every nerve being strung, the conflict is poised in doubtful scales, till, by superior courage outbraved, the baffled foe is forced to strike to British tars.

Thus enriched with the spoils of war, thus dearly bought through *blood*, through *wounds*, and through *dismay*, who would not imagine these brave



men prepared prudently to store up their wealth against a future day—But I am afraid the case is otherwise.—Arrived at port, drunkenness and riot, luxury, and dissipation now engross the whole man:—agitated with conflicting passions, the reins let loose, in full career he drives along; deaf to the silent whispers of a deranged soul, till haply disease, or want, may reclaim this poor deluded man; and this brave fellow, whom lately no terrors could dismay, no host outbrave, is, as it were, lost to *himself*, to his *country* and to his *God*, in having too much those delusive *Rights of Man*, put into his own possession.

How much cause would this mistaken mortal have had to thank a *parent*, his *king*, or his *country*, had they acted as faithful, though rigid guardians, and wrenched the golden ore from *him* who had begun thus fatally to misapply it.

France indeed, from her unequal and partial system of policy, may have some well-founded and fair pretensions to aim at a sounder and more enlarged form of government, and bring forward a more equal dispensation of the *Rights of Man*, to curb the unbounded despotism, and break the iron rod, which had unfortunately attached itself to, and, as it were, grown up with the sceptre of the kings of France, whose sovereign nod had, perhaps, too long been a fiat to their assuming

wills; and whose *bastile* and offensive sway had, with too great a colour of justice, I fear, awakened the ire and indignation of a long provoked people; and Lewis the Sixteenth, at once unfortunate, and, I am afraid, infatuated monarch, had, in a great degree, by the influence and predominancy of state intrigue, and by blinded counsels, paved the way to his humiliation, at least, if not to his undoing. But whatever is, is right. Piqued at the happiness and regal grandeur of our good, our gracious sovereign; moved with jealousy at the flourishing state of this the queen of islands, he, deluded monarch, now, I fear, unhappy, degraded Lewis, struck in with, or, who can deny it, improved a favourable, I will not call it a fortunate conjuncture, which presented itself of humiliating, or, at least, plaguing, this asylum of rational liberty, this happy land; and with a powerful navy, and a well-appointed army, short-sighted Policy! he scrupled not to join and aid a continent,—the American continent, in asserting her *independence* from her lawful sovereign. With his own sons of slavery and vassalage, he joined and aided her! Here Lewis was thy error—Thy soul inflamed by court intrigue and misguided by enlarged views, forgot the suggestions of a sounder policy, namely,—

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Thy own sons torn from all their affectionate ties, from their dear wives, their rising offspring,

their aged parents, and their native soil, maimed and slaughtered in a distant land—For what?—To gratify the strides of ambition, I fear, and its creatures—thy own sons there, in the stern work of war, and from their peculiar predicament at home, caught the glowing sparks of freedom, and transplanted them to their own land of slavery:—as an exotic, they transplanted them.—And yet after rivers of human blood ingloriously spilt; after carnage and devastation; after the sacrifice of the bravest citizens; after a *Custine*, a *Dumourier*, a *Kellerman*, and a *Bourbonville* have thus far carried terror and victory before them, and dismayed the veteran legions of the Prussian monarch, and his favourite general, the *Duke of Brunswick*; after making the *Pope of Rome*, the Emperor, and his *Sardinian* majesty to quake for fear, should they meet with a reverse of fortune,—*fortune* who is apt to desert those who abuse her favours, and urge her too far, and at last miss the true end of all this innovating bustle; or should they, by this new organization of affairs, and by this dreadful mode of reform, which makes Europe amazed and tremble, unfortunately introduce luxury and dissipation, by bringing the royal domains and revenues into the exchequer, for the use of the commonwealth, (and consequently enrich individuals) and by confiscating the estates of the unfortunate,—thrice and again unfortunate, vagrant, exiled, unhappy, wretched sons of France; or any other way

put into the hands of individuals too great a scope to emerge beyond a certain pitch, which may mould them into the situation of a ship that has too much sail for her ballast, and thus, by degrees, enervate these active generals with their now impetuous brothers of freedom; they will, I am afraid, become more ignoble *slaves* than before,—SLAVES to themselves.—And further, should these leading characters begin to presume upon their respective services, and cast a wishful eye on precedence and prerogative, and thus kindle up the fire of civil discord, both of which are no new instances.—To what further calamities may not you yet be witnesses, O, ye sons of France!—unhappy France! before your constitution will bear the touchstone in all its parts, be matured and fixed upon a solid and permanent basis.

We are aware, I repeat it, abuses will needs creep into the internal policy of this nation; but our gracious sovereign is, I trust, among the last, who either introduces, or authorises them.—*Man*, alas! at once unfaithful, and a rebel to his King, and to himself, too often introduces them; how many of almost all descriptions, nay, I wish it might not with too much justice be insisted, those too whose more immediate charge it is to watch and discountenance that diabolical business called *smuggling*, which I will not hesitate a moment to pronounce as ruinous to the subjects, as it is dis-

loyal to their King, how many, I say, have not directly or indirectly become partakers in this destructive traffic:—and from the great influx of liquor into this nation, which partly springs from this evil, many are invited not only to intemperance themselves; but in the day of profusion, and during the hours of conviviality, every guest, however averse from dissipated modes of drinking, must undergo too severe a test, I fear, of his sobriety from his host, whose greatest crime, at this time, let us charitably judge, was perhaps a mistaken generosity, and ill-timed profusion of liquor. But who dare say, how far this may not eventually hem in a man to be partaker in his brother's folly? since at first sight, and in the first instance, it is not only repugnant to the lowest and coarsest mode of politeness, but is highly derogatory to the character of a Christian; it affronts God, and dishonours the King; it wastes,—*wantonly* wastes, the good things of heaven; and, I wish I could add, does not directly tend to destroy the most noble faculties of the soul, and degrade us the rank that we should hold in the scale of the creation. We must not blame either our King or constitution for the evils that this unwarrantable practice, in all its different shapes, has introduced into this island, and which the hardy voice of Information itself, aided with the coercive hand of government, has not yet been able to crush—Why? Because,

like PAINÉ's levelling principles, it is so delicious, and so aptly accommodated to the taste of the people in general, many of whom, under covert, sharing in these disloyal practices,—disloyal in the extreme, few or none dare, *unless* under particular and desperate circumstances, encounter the overbearing popular torrent ; and although the cure is at hand, few or none have loyalty, or courage enough to approach the sturdy, inveterate patient, whose impotency of soul is impatient of a remedy. —The King invites us to be happy:—nay he will needs force his sons to adopt modes of happiness, —his sons, I cannot resist repeating it, too often unfaithful both to their King, and to themselves, still evade his kindness, by their shiftings, and, in the end, impolitic subterfuges.

Two of those hardy sons of Information did I see, at no long interval, after undergoing the greatest indignities that mockery and depraved ingenuity could well invent ; and, after having been dragged forward to meet the insults and contumely of the rabble, by an unwarrantable procession, which arrested the attention of almost all ranks of people ; these did I see with my own eyes in effigies *comico*-tragically consigned over to devouring flames, for no other crime but doing what our laws invited them by rewards to do. Is not this a species of *martyrdom* ? although I am far from asserting that the spring of action moved up-

on Christian principles. Then blame not, but honour your King. Calm your spirits. Duly weigh the propriety of my assertions. Let neither prejudice nor petulance stop the ear, where truths, such as these and the following, once heard, will not readily be shut out, but will, in spite of prejudice itself, sound alarm, and fight their battles with the weapons of reason,—reason the harbinger of conviction.—Join then issue with your King in crushing this illicit traffic, which, if completely effected, I would stake a kingdom against a mole-hill, much present unhappiness growing out of this, would vanish and disappear.

In order to suppress this iniquitous traffic, it is well known, we, at our own expence, keep cruizers coasting along, which being proportionate in number to the evils thereby meant to be remedied; of course our taxes are swelled: yet such is the inconsistency, and such the blindness of this nation, in this business, that we either cannot, or will not see, at once, how generous, how infatuated, and how preposterous we are in this one and the same thing. This language is more immediately calculated for, and applicable to, maritime counties: I speak not of all.

What ruin and disorder do not luxury and riot introduce into this otherwise happy,—thrice hap-

py nation : and would government, in all possible instances, but arrest man in his prelude to immoral actions, there would be less need of the avenging hand of public justice.

It is well known many evils, disorders, and abuses prevail in private families, in defiance of the master of the house; and it is well known to common observers, how surprisingly daring and ungovernable a little community of youths are, even under the very eye and rod of their teacher : so we must not make it matter of wonder if we hear that disorders and abuses reign in this great kingdom, the machine being so complex, and made up of so many different movements:—nay, have we not just cause to wonder that we are governed so well? What season has not its alloy? What individual can justly boast of perfection? and if individuals are not perfect, how can a government be made so, which is formed of these individuals? We must then be content with certain moderate advances to that degree of perfection which is so devoutly to be wished.

When danger looked our ancestors in the face with dread alarms, they then hastened to turn their eyes upon some brave and prudent man; and, throwing themselves upon his protection, they committed their fortunes to his guidance; and when he, by his prowess in the ensanguined

plain, or by prudent address in council, had warded off the foe, and stemmed the sweeping torrent, it was deemed sound policy to elevate this Worthy to an extraordinary post. Having felt the want of a leader, and experienced the advantage arising from One who had rescued them out of imminent danger, they judged it prudent to constitute him their PRINCE, and to put the reins of government into the hands of One, who, from his elevated post, had every thing to lose, and responsible to his people, as a chief magistrate, either immediately or mediately, and who, by this great trust delegated to him, was bound to provide for their happiness, after such a manner as a father provides for his family; and they, by a certain social compact or mutual bond, which exists as well in the political as natural body, were bound on their part to give vigour and energy to his useful measures.

This, I presume to conjecture, might be one mean, by which the standard of MONARCHY was first erected.

MONARCHY, which has prevailed in early ages of the world, and even under but indifferent kings has not failed to produce salutary effects; and perhaps our mixed and refined mode of go-

vernment is one of the best in the world : happy might we be, were we duly sensible of this !

But should some guardian divinity inspire loyalty with such sentiments as these :—*Peace!* ye sons of discontent and turmoil. There are still those in our realm, who think our government paternal :—there are those too who make a virtue of good order, and dread those evils, which others, through the force of delusion, seem to invite.—The *great* and *good*, the *philosopher* and the *divine*, whose discerning eye can read events in their infancy, foresee and deprecate those measures, which some have dared to foster, and hastened to accomplish. Long have we viewed with grief and anxiety ; long have we lamented the growing evils of this our hereditary realm ; long have we laboured to make you comfortable and happy. What laws have we not enacted to improve the body politic ? What laws too have not we repealed at once to gratify and to ease you ? What day has shone that hath not brought its load of care for your security, your prosperity, and your happiness.—Our counsels, it is true, as being fallible, have not always succeeded.—The *American war*, we grant, by a certain subtle and refined policy abroad, and by too great a presumption on the arm of flesh at home on the one hand, and a reprehensible and disloyal backwardness on the other, unfortunately incurred an extra load of taxes.—But who does wil-

lingly resign his patrimony? To what wranglings, vexation, and animosities are not our courts of judicature subjected almost every day, for sometimes mere trifles—much more for a patrimony: and who then would but with great reluctance, and not without a fair struggle, have relinquished so ample a possession, as my *American patrimony*? Let each private man consult his own heart, and try the temper of his own mind.

At length, however, wearied out with state-affairs, grieved at the inconsistency of men, and sick of the contingencies of wavering politics—henceforth we disclaim royalty, *painful pre-eminence!*—be done away state-splendour and the brilliancy attached to majesty—Henceforward we court the walks of private life—Revert ye taxes to the majesty of the people—My worthy officers of each department of the state, we have no need of your future services—Ye stately ships of war, the late great bulwark of our realm, ride ye idly at anchor, or become the sport of conflicting elements—Taxes are remitted. All men are free from their allegiance. Let each man devise schemes of protecting himself.

Should royalty, I say, under the force of this impression, and in the moments of despondency, abandon government, and state-affairs; to what

fatal calamities might not we be too justly devoted ! And if, when we pay these taxes, which some are too apt but with reluctance to pay, we, with difficulty, secure ourselves from powerful combinations ; what might not we justly expect, should we be hardy enough to aim at withholding them ? With the same colour of justice might those who insure their property resist the claims of, and withhold their respective quotas from the insurance-office, as withhold their fair proportion from government,—government which secures to them more than their property—their lives. And as well may we persuade ourselves that the animal œconomy can exist and keep its proper tone, without regular supply ; as government to give health and vigour to the body politic, if not duly replenished from its proper fountain. And as well may we blasphemously arraign the all wise dispensations of heaven itself, whose laws, although they be founded upon the unerring decrees of justice and eternal truth, are but badly accommodated to the too sanguine and sometimes unreasonable expectations of some men ; as blame our gracious sovereign, God's vicerent here on earth, whose salutary laws furnish to us the fairest opportunities of becoming not only great, but happy ; and not only happy ourselves, but, by a great variety of ways, of furnishing modes of happiness to those around us.—How then can we resist fearing such a God, and honouring such a King !

While untutored *Indians* delight to gash and scalp: while the swarthy sons of Africa lead an idle, roaming, predatory life: while the Dutch, ever vigilant, ever plodding, are more than sufficiently laborious in their enriching schemes of industry, and incessantly ply the sturdy oar: while Spain, majestically indolent, piques herself on idle parade: while France, in her very moments of conquest, overheated and distracted, may have raised too just a cause of alarm for herself from neighbouring nations, who are preparing to chastise her outrageous insolence: while ferocious savages poize the ax, and level it at the head of their aged parents—Let it be your common strife and boast, ye sons of a brave ancestry, to outrival one another in sober, but loyal marks of attachment to the King, your gracious sovereign, which is to honour your King in the first instance; and gloriously shed your blood in defence of your happy constitution, with which our happiness and prosperity are so firmly connected;—a constitution, the diffusive comforts of which we would, I am persuaded, know better how to value, were we, but for a while, put out of possession of them.

What consternation were we not under when the combined fleets of France and Spain, like prowling wolves, or rapacious vultures, were hovering around us, and ready to make us a prey to their insatiate maws.

If I should bring in review such characters as those of a NERO, a CALIGULA, or even some of our own kings, where you would see rapine and murder, riot and lust, and all the horrors of madness and desperation heightening the picture of human deformity, and serving at once to blacken the historic page, and teach posterity to value—*highly value* princes of a milder and more temperate aspect; you would then not fail exclaiming,—*Shall* we, in the ample enjoyment of substantial privileges, and in the possession of a constitution, which has stood our ancestors at so high a price;—*shall* we rudely and barbarously spurn these privileges from us, and invite *Old Chaos* to return, and bid *Anarchy*, with his meagre train, stalk through the land; and this too in the reign of a prince, whose softer virtues are happily combined to heighten the graces of the throne—a *Prince*, whose virtues are perhaps by none more eclipsed than by those of his royal consort, our amiable Queen, the favourite of a free and happy people;—a *Prince*, upon whom the hardy voice of Detraction—the voice of a PETER PINDAR and a PAINE hath made repeated, but, may we hope, unmerited attempts.

And if I should bid you look back upon that period, when the British matrons, with unanimous consent, and with hardy, though quivering gripe, laid hold of the knife or poignard, and, with murderous, bloody, and desperate effort, each

woman butchered her unwelcome intrusive Danish lord, and task-master. In spite of religion, and in spite of the divine denunciations, such was their complicated misery,—a misery bordering upon phrenzy, and heightened desperation, they, may, we charitably judge, have deemed it a virtuous, nay, meritorious necessity, to butcher these intruders upon, and these destroyers of, all their social and domestic endearments, you would then stand agast, although oppressed only in idea for their long past distressful and poignant calamity, and exclaim—*Blessed days are these indeed.* What want we? What would we be at? We are too well—Royalty reassume thy splendor. Ministry, prefer prudent schemes of taxation. Ye worthy officers of each department, and brave soldiery, awake to life and action—Ye stately ships of war display your pendants, crowd your sails, and bid defiance to our foes.

GOD save the KING,

Why should I mention THUROT, or PAUL JONES, who, each in his turn, invaded private property, and bore it off as his own. Look back upon the ill-timed zeal of LORD GEORGE GORDON, and dread a demeanor thus overbearing and formidable, as pregnant with serious and alarming consequences. By this destructive and fatal mode of aiming at reform, the giddy and thoughtless sons of riot defeat charitable purposes, and stagger

the munificent hand of donation, which, although staggered, yet, such is the unwearied liberality and humanity of many of thy sons, O Britain! it still goes on to rear the drooping head of Riot and Profligacy themselves, even in their moments of most complicated misery. Spare then, ye giddy mortals,—spare individuals—and you spare yourselves.

But if the ploughman is weary of his sober and enriching habits of industry;—if the mechanic prefers disorder and irregularity to his stated schemes of acquiring the comfortable enjoyments of life;—if the more enlightened sons of arts and sciences are grown weary of the most laudable and ennobling improvements and pursuits—the pursuits of knowledge and humanity, which, independent of other considerations, carry their own reward along with them;—and if suffering a little present, whether only seeming or real oppression;—and if putting up with a less evil, for the sake of a greater good, be a doctrine, not only irrational, but impolitic, and not only impolitic, but inconsistent with the sober dictates of Christianity:—*Then* let Discord and Discontent, twin sisters, in haggard form, dare more than peep out, at a distance, with rueful and gasty eyes, and begin more than affect a gigantic stride. Then let sedition pervade each description of men—Then let *Anarchy* go on—*Go on*, said I—Nay, *forbid it Heaven—Forbid it, ye*

brave, though too often misguided sons of *Britain*—*Forbid* it likewise ye more impetuous sons of riot; ye too are equally interested in good government—ye too are equally susceptible of pain and misery. Ye aim at happiness too as well as the more sober part of the community; or, it may be, you are impatient under, and are daring the removal of, some present evil:—but ye aim at it in a wrong way.—*Habits of industry and moderation* will go farther to effect this desirable purpose, than the most formidable combinations: the former carry an inherent, enriching principle along with them; the latter will recoil, in the end, inevitably recoil, upon your own misguided selves, and fill you with vexation, and bitter disappointment.

It is not possible, consistently with the fabric of our bodies—it is not consistent—ultimately consistent, with the great scheme of *self-love* and *self-preservation*, which are the two great springs of almost all our actions, to court our own misery, and dare the avenging hand of the civil powers; even in our more culpable actions, we are, although by intemperate steps, still led on by this enchanting *Siren self-love*.—To be *peaceable* and *faithful* subjects—*This* is true self-love—*This* is solid enjoyment—It is an enjoyment, which the abettors of anarchy cannot enjoy, until they cease to be such.

And now permit me to digress a little for the purpose of giving greater emphasis to the subject before us.

Industry is the active spring which enriches the state, and which, by a variety of devices, and surprising modifications, polishes, and, as it were, awakes to life inert matter, and at the same time gives bread to thousands. And would the mechanic, and the laborious of every description only pursue habits of industry with regular, though moderate application, they need not despair of being ranked among useful members of society, as contributing to the common happiness and tranquillity of this great nation, which furnishes them respectively with so many different modes, not only of acquiring the comforts, but also the embellishments of life; and which, from her enlarged and efficient system of policy, which is meant equally to pervade every department, although unequally felt, has long, in spite of detraction, raised the envy and admiration of a surrounding world. And who would not, were he not either a confirmed madman, or an avowed coward, combine the active powers both of body and soul, in vindicating a good king, (which is so consummate a blessing at any æra to any nation) and in supporting an extensive and liberal constitution,—a constitution, which, like other things, although open to decay, is nevertheless impatient of a

a radical cure ; neither will it bear those too tense and desperate efforts of overheated, though perhaps well-meant innovation, in order to recover a due tone ; but in case of derangement, gentle *alteratives* and *state correctives* must be applied to it :— a constitution which cordially caresses its subjects, and diffuses warmth and vigour to all its members, and invests each individual, as it were, in the robes of *royalty* itself. Who could, I say, were he duly sensible of this, resist stepping forward as the avowed champion of a cause in which his own interests, so great and so many, are immediately interwoven, and inseparably connected with that of his King and his country. Each member is a part of the whole—The whole is the aggregate of each member.—If then each member suffers, the whole suffers ; and if the whole suffers, each member suffers and sympathises with it.—To fight then for our *King* and our *Country*, is to fight for *ourselves*.

There is indeed a certain littleness and ignobleness of soul, which is ready to stoop to any invader, and which, with every shifting gale, is not unwilling to change its master, if the rising prospect brings but something new, although but superficially promising : nay novelty itself, for a while, in the very face of danger, like a sweeping torrent, bears down all before it. Arm you then, my brethren and countrymen, arm you against

this strange delusion, this impotency of mind. Stout auxiliaries should be brought forward, in order to repel the assailant. The strongest garrison will not hold out without a proper defence. Adequate means must be employed as well upon this, as upon other occasions. Cease to adopt this language—I am of PAUL—I am of APOLLOS: this eventually is extremely prejudicial to the state.—Collect your scattered forces. Keep each man his post of honour, until this temptation has spent its shafts, and lost its attractive allurements; and then, under the auspices of heaven, ever good and ever gracious, let great GEORGE your King again be the burthen of your future songs: and then be content to be happy in the only way of coming at happiness, namely, by honouring all men: by loving the brotherhood: by fearing God: and by honouring the King.

There are many ways by which we may exhibit proofs of honour and loyalty to our King. We honour our King, when we are diligent in our respective vocations.—When we behold the sons of commerce bid their vessels swell their sails, plough the briny deep, buffet the swelling surges, and convey our superfluities to foreign climes, and import needful merchandise;—when we see the honest ploughman complaisantly smiling along when he is engaged in his sober and innocent tracts of industry, where his patience and strength

are equally employed;—when we see the more enlightened sons of arts and sciences each eagerly pursuing his different modes of thinking and acting, which, if they do not enrich, at least ennoble their votaries; I say, when we see these pursuing their respective tracts of profit and delight, we are in duty bound to acknowledge, that we see members at once deserving well of their King and their country. We honour our King when we pay due deference to magistrates of every description, and respect the laws of the land, and use our endeavours to enforce them by our own examples, and by persuasive arguments.—We honour our King, when, instead of fomenting the popular irritability, and fanning the rising flame of discord, and throwing seditious libels in the way of the ignorant, we state to them, by solid arguments and lively comparisons, the expediency of *subordination*, and the lasting advantages accruing from a pacific temper; and point out to them how extremely hard it would be, in the nature of things, that rewards, whether pecuniary or honorary, challenged by a father for his meritorious services, either in the front of war, or earned in the less ostentatious walks of life, should be wrested from him; as this would go, in no small degree, to weaken the spring of action; and fairly earned inheritances might this way fall a prey to the greedy sons of indolence and riot;—nay, merit itself would be put

in a very precarious and unpleasant enjoyment of the fruits of its labour. We honour our King when we paint to our deluded brethren the dreadful result of a riotous behaviour, and the happy consequences arising from an opposite conduct. We honour our King, when we reason with them thus:—where there is neither probation nor trouble, there is no virtue; and where there is no virtue, there is no merit; and where there is no merit, there will certainly be no reward.—That bearing evils with patience; that suffering for conscience sake; that doing what every one cannot readily do, constitutes a good man, and a good subject.

That rowing against the stream tries our mettle, braces our nerves, and fits us for actions of great pith and moment; it purges away the dross, purifies the soul so as to qualify it for the contemplation of intellectual objects. That, in short, adversity and crosses are good schoolmasters; and although some descriptions of men do enjoy some exclusive privileges, yet this may not, in the end, materially affect our well-being; and although the way to riches and honours may not appear to some, and they seem to carry alluring and almost irresistible charms along with them, equally open to all; yet riches and honours are, by no means, objects so highly meriting our attention, as we foolishly persuade ourselves. That to fear God, and honour the king, this, although it may not

appear the most compendious, is most certainly the surest way to acquire, as well true riches, as solid honours. That *he*, in short, whom neither pleasures invite, so as to intoxicate, nor temptations inthrall, so as to misguide; *he*, whom Fortune's shafts cannot pierce so as to deject; *this* is the man who most effectually *fears God* and *honours his King*:—*this* is the good CHRISTIAN,—*this* is the loyal SUBJECT.

And let it be among our remotest thoughts to dare to think only of dishonouring our gracious sovereign in the most distant degree, equal to what those solecisms in politics, those so far retrograde reformers, have done to their *Monarch*, over whose only imputed high crimes and misdemeanors, it may not be ill-timed to draw a veil; and say, what heart does not bleed, whose feelings do not sympathise with royalty thus fallen, and thus depressed—for tyranny itself, (should it be tyranny) thus insulted. Man is naturally ambitious. To command is not in itself criminal; nay to be severe, is too often the odious and painful task of majesty. It is natural for princes, bred up from their infancy in high notions of grandeur and prerogative, to dictate and command:—and it may have been among the peculiar misfortunes of Lewis the Sixteenth, to have been born at an inauspicious period, and, by an awkward concurrence of rapid

events, to have hastened to fill up what was left behind; and it may remain for him, *unfortunate Monarch*, to drink of the cup of bitterness, and to pay dear for his own ill-fated politics, and the odious and narrowed system of his royal predecessors.*

This doctrine, this milder way of reasoning, would, one might hope, in some degree, mitigate the harshness of his fate: his fate too, it may be, will stand on record as a *memento* to all the kings of the earth, who shall hear of the complicated misery of Lewis the Sixteenth. And when kings read these words of the scripture: '*Honour all men:*' kings may, by inference, collect, (if this precept is meant to be as universally binding as the rest) kings too must honour their subjects.—Neither is the majesty of the people either an absurd or an uninteresting doctrine. But let not riot seize the helm; neither let aristocratic influence, nor an ill-timed policy, nor any species of oppression be justly charged with involving this nation, by trying its patience too long, in the horrors arising from anarchy;—a nation, which, like the lion *couchant, dormant*, when fully roused, is hard to appease. But rather let each of those

* The manuscript having been mostly prepared for the press in September, 1792, which was prior to the melancholy and barbarous death of the late French King, and to the subsequent events which have taken place, the reader, by being apprised of this, will not blame the author, as being inconsistent.

who, from their birth, their fortune, or superior talents, claim attention and respect, contend ! and indeed it would be a *noble* contention, in order to outstrip the lower sort of the community, as far in generosity and liberality of sentiment, as they exceed them in opportunities leading to these. Let state-reform, we repeat it, in due time, and at fit opportunities, after cool and sober debate, go on to exert its energetic influence.

And here permit me, in a small degree, to advert to the foregoing parts of the subject, and compare the withholding of due taxes from government, to the withholding a due portion of manure from land—The fate of each is the same. And this old and familiar, although, at first sight, paradoxical remark,—*The dearest article is the cheapest*, is, by no means, inapplicable in this instance, since, I apprehend, this nation, by its fruitful resources, is as rich now, even under the present extraordinary load of taxes, or perhaps richer, than at any preceding period, (although we have to lament this, we hope, only momentary suspension of commerce) because, under the sanction of our rational and auspicious government at home, and from the, in general, brilliant display ; and terror of our banners abroad, aided by that solid confidence which has been acquired to individuals, by their long and tried commercial con-

nections, there is scarce a corner in the world, from which we do not derive valuable commerce; and while individuals, spurred to action from private views, awake to new life, and more liberal sentiments, and employ honest means of accumulating wealth, the constitution itself grows more formidable; and from the greatness of the one, arises the security of the other. And if, with all these advantages, which, abating a few particular instances, lie open to all, who put themselves in a capacity to reach them, some do still eventually fail of reaching them.—What can we, or rather what dare we, say to these things, but this—*Whatever is, is right*. And this seeming inequality, this present untoward posture, and chance-medley of human affairs, which, for a moment, as it were confounds, as we think, right and wrong, pleads with more than *Ciceronian* eloquence—with the eloquence of *Saint Paul* himself, the doctrine of a future state, which doctrine, if reprobated by some leading but turbulent characters in a neighbouring nation, and exploded as futile, and which may make us the less surprised and agitated, when we read, in detail, their measures founded, it would seem, on heightened desperation; yet still let it have its due and awakening influence on the minds of those who have too much reason to reprobate the badness of this, as yet disorganized and nerveless system. And, roused from a state of indifference and lukewarm-

ness, would we but hasten to exert the same degree of enthusiastic ardour, and loyal zeal, in supporting our King and constitution, as the French exhibit to the world an outrageous eagerness, and determined resolution to expel what they call a tyrant, *Heaven* would admit this as a pledge of our Christian temper, and smile propitious upon us.

And glad am I to read, during my writing this Address, that the current of the people's affections has, at last, after an alarming suspension, set in for the right, its usual channel. And while it is yet fresh in our memories how deeply we felt, when that misguided lunatic, *Margaret Nicholson*, with desperate effort, aimed a poignard at the royal breast; time, in its career, has brought forward a *Paine*, whose very name is *ominous*;—and who, having furnished himself with a refined excuse, scruples not to disrobe royalty itself, and make a mock of our chief magistrate, the indulgent and common father of his country. But may we presume to presage this attack, like the former, will present another opportunity of shewing to this, and the neighbouring nations, that our very seeming evils rouse us to more determined and arduous achievements, and serve only to attach us more closely to our King and constitution. And, O gracious *sovereign*! continue but to reign in the hearts of thy *free-born* children, and thy children, though infants, will

rear a gigantic arm in the defence of thy cause, and thy sacred person.—And these *parricides*, these deliberating sons of desperate enterprises, may they sink into an ignoble oblivion, or fall crushed under the weight of heightened disappointment, and aggravated mortification, as an atonement,—and O! may it not be too late an atonement for such refined guilt. Yet *forgive* them, majesty, they now see their error: *forgive* them too, thou *King of kings*, they, with contrition, the mental film being now removed, they, with aggravated and pungent sorrow, invite thy *forgiveness*.

Let us then, my fellow citizens, blessed with so good a King, and under the invigorating influence of so experimentally a good constitution, let us, may I advise, pay our taxes chearfully, not to say generously. Let us inspire our respective domestics with sentiments of loyal affection. Let refined freedom,—*freedom* like ours, be the boast of every Briton; or let us at once disclaim the name of Britons, and its eminent privileges. And under lively impressions of gratitude to our God, and under temperate, yet unshaken, expressions of loyalty to our King, and in brotherly love and emulous strains of affection to one another; let us not doubt but God, in his great plenitude of mercy, will not scourge the nation with such a *rod of iron*, as he now thinks fit to scourge the *French* nation.

Let us not slacken, or retard, the wheels of government, by withholding necessary supplies from the executive functions, lest we be left defenceless, by defeating the wise purposes of our *common guardian*, and thus become an easy prey to some greedy and powerful invader, (as our unfortunate ancestors have repeatedly and severely felt) who will not scruple to take away the property we now possess, and to which so many of our comforts are immediately attached, and banish us to some distant land, or perhaps keep us in vassalage in this our native isle, to lament at once our folly and our wretchedness.

These,—these, alas! are too often the fatal consequences arising from *noviciates* in the true arts of reformation,

Let us then, whose lot is fallen upon a good ground, *fear God*, so as to obey *him*, who can so amply reward the obedient, and so severely punish the disobedient; and *honour* our *King*, the *anointed* of Heaven, under whose good government, impartial and vigilant, *vice* is discountenanced: *virtue* not only praised, but rewarded: *genius* invited to come forth from obscure and lonely cells, and awakened to active and useful walks in life: *melancholy* and *distress*, unwelcome guests to the gay and frolicksome, by royal clemency, not unfrequently called from their drear and dark abodes, and taught

to expand the furrowed brow, and to rear the drooping head.

Thus encouraged, thus excited, thus checked too, under such awful and impartial awards of retributive justice from Heaven, and under such fair and inviting opportunities springing from our constitution.—Let us, I cannot but repeat it,—let us, fellow pilgrims, *fear God*, and *honour the King*; and then, under the sovereign and benign influence of the *One*, the *All-good*, and *All-wise*; and under the paternal guidance of our lawfully constituted sovereign, *King George the Third*, the *great* and the *good*, we may pass our days in such peace and quietness as this world affords, and secure to our children the happy effects of our loyal, our peaceable, and Christian-like demeanor; and in proportion as we put up with, or suffer, any *actually* existing grievances *here*, suppose in burthensome taxes, or in any other oppression, let us make a due estimate of this seeming evil, and receive it with a Christian-like resignation, as a pang which may haply call to birth some latent and dormant virtues; and perhaps it may prove as a touchstone to try our valour,—our *Christian* valour, in the field of action; and this our day too will soon be over; which consideration, I am persuaded, if no other, will carry no small weight along with it, and serve to reconcile us to this, at times, seeming unequal

dispensations of *Providence*, and, as it were, derangement in the great political scale; and in the same proportion as we have suffered, or been aggrieved, in this probationary, this militant state here on earth, we well be severally rewarded in those happy abodes, and those seats of bliss, where wars and tumults are no more; where Oppression drops her *iron rod*; where distinctions and prerogatives are done away; where the servant is free from his master; and where,—and where alone, *politically speaking*,—*All men are equal*.



in the midst of the great political struggle; and in the
proposition we have offered, of peace
agreed in this proposition, the militant has
here on earth, we will be eventually rewarded in
the happy annals and those of bliss; when
we and ourselves are no more, where Ophelia
perhaps has now been, where children and girls
are born, where the "Covenant" is
born in matter, and where, and where alone
the speaking, and the...



A CONSOLATORY PARODY.

BORN aloft on towering wing,
 In nervous strains I boldly sing,
 With force of zeal's impetuous tide,
 Content's great source, and latent pride;
 Impatience's cure and cordial pill,
 Amidst big grief, and threat'ning ill:—
 A nation's nostrum, if but known,
 It is the great diviner's stone.
 Tho' clouded days, and wanton quill
 May probe the heart, and warp the will
 Of those, whom fortune runs aground,
 And dares transfix with gaping wound;
 Be't ours to meet mishaps unseen
 With patient front, and manly mein.
 Where is the man, who dares to boast,
 A prospect fair, and open coast?
 Where is the king who does not feel
 Fortune's hard hand, and biting steel
 Amidst the bitter days of life,
 Commixt of pleasure and of strife?
 If kings then feel such poignant smart,
 Whose happiness is but in part:
 If what nor crested pow'r can lend,
 Health nor can give, nor wealth can fend,
 Be what you want——
 Praise ye the tow'ring head on high,
 Rear the front, and touch the sky:

There prospects ope with equal ken
 To all degrees and ranks of men.
 Brave sons of *Britain*! deign t' apply
 To the great umpire of the sky,
 Whose potent arm protects our isle
 From secret foes, and foreign guile.
 Tho' clouds may threat, and thunders growl,
 Tho' dogs may bark, and wolves may prowl;
 Tho' seasons change, and friends betray,
 And Fortune's gifts should turn away;
 Tho' Commerce drops her active sail,
 And tott'ring banks begin to fail;
 Tho' taxes swell, and tumults roam;
 Tho' vagrant here, expell'd our home;
 Tho' ruffling passions dare controul,
 And check the freedom of the soul:
 A last retreat there is for all,
 A place of rest beyond the pole,
 Where titles cease, and pomps decay,
 Where tinsel'd pride is turn'd to clay:
 Where kings and subjects all are *one*,
 Where splendor's lost, and wants are *none*;
 Where ruffling tempests ne'er invade—
 A *peaceful* calm, in *peaceful* shade!
 It is in that dread place, where all
 Are brought to be alike *equal*!

FINIS.



ERRATA.

Page vii, line 2 join to line 3, without a *point*.

— viii, — 20, for *is*, read *was*.

— 21, after line 8, read,—There are some advantages so palpable, that we cannot well resist feeling them.—

Page 22, line 13, for *rigorous*, read *vigorous*.

— 25, — 3, *laborious*, read *barbarous*.

— 43, — 6, strike out *have*.

— 50, — 23, after *some* take in *equally open to all*.

— 54, — 28, for *this*, read *their*.

— 61, — 19, for *bitter*, read *better*.

— — — 27, for *praise*, read *raise*.

N. B. The judicious reader is requested to correct any inaccuracies, or other typographical errors that may appear, and which the author has to fear, as he could not, on account of distance, superintend the press.